

98

Supernatural Things by VampireLibrarian

Category: Stranger Things, 2016, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Sam W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-11-06 07:11:40

Updated: 2018-11-06 07:11:40

Packaged: 2019-12-12 03:44:47

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 7,227

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Written for a contest. Send either Sam or Dean to another TIME to get information to help kill a monster. Decided to try a crossover. Sam gets sent back to Hawkins 1984 to get information about the demogorgons.

Supernatural Things

Dean and Sam stumbled into the bunker exhausted from a fight they just didn't have the means to win. Dean grabbed a bottle of whiskey and drank straight from the bottle. "Sam, what the fuck were those things? I'm not sure I will ever get the image of them jumping all over Harry and," he stopped to take another drink and ponder what he wanted to say. "I mean what did they do? Did they eat him? In a pack like that? And then the tall one, the one that looked like a weird, tall slenderman thing appeared to be in charge ... I can't." He passed the bottle over to Sam. "And they had no faces! NONE of them but they could what sense where we were." Dean just drifted as Sam opened his laptop to see what he could search up. "No, I take that back! Their faces were just a big flower shaped mouth with teeth for days. I'm never sending another girl flowers again." He grabbed the bottle back and took another deep drink from it. "At least we know if we run into the dog-like creatures, silver bullets kill them. The slenderman thing not so much...the bullets just pissed him off. "

Sam looked up from the screen. "Dean, you have NEVER sent a girl flowers," he said matter-of-factly.

"Yes, I did." He thought about it as he got a beer out of the mini fridge. "I sent Lisa flowers all the time."

"Doesn't count. You were living with her."

"Whatever, bitch. Does too count." Dean pulled out his phone and dialed 666. "If anyone would have a line on what these THINGS are, it would have to be Crowley."

As he waited for Crowley to answer the phone, he walked around to look over Sam's shoulder. He was shocked to see that Sam had found just a few very vague urban legends and a bunch of blog entries by a Murray Bauman, a conspiracy theorist that dropped information on some crazy government testing but was now reported missing by most of his followers. "Squirrel, this had better be important." Crowley always sounded like he was put out when he answered the phone when it wasn't HIM needing help from the Winchesters.

Dean rolled his eyes before he said anything. "Crowley, we just faced a new boogeyman and we think it's something that has come out of Hell. We need information on how to kill these assholes."

He heard Crowley take a deep breath. "Give me a minute." He hung up the phone as Dean just shook his head.

"Well, he might be no help," Dean started as Crowley walked into the library with a smirk on his face.

"Oh, Dean, I'm always a help. It might not be the help you want but it'll ALWAYS be the help you need." Crowley took the chair next to Sam to look over his shoulder. "What the bloody hell is that thing, Samantha?"

"According to this Bauman guy, they are demogorgons and these," he showed Crowley the animals that had similar type head but walked on all fours, "are some sort of derivative of that monster. He doesn't go into much more about them just rambles on about government conspiracies and pull out sofas." Sam looked up with a crazy look on his face. "What's that about?"

Crowley started to chew on his bottom lip as he thought for a moment. "Murray Bauman?" Sam nodded at him. Crowley shook his head. "I can't give you the information that you boys need but I know when you can go to get it."

Dean shook his head. "What do you mean WHEN, Crowley?"

"I mean," he rubbed his hands over his face as he talked, "you can't talk to Murray because he is already in Hell being punished and the others involved with this are either missing, lost on purpose, or also in Hell. Well, a couple of them made it upstairs but what does Heaven have that Hell doesn't?" He smiled as they both just shook their heads at him. "Those that are still on Earth don't want to talk about it now, but if Sam goes back to WHEN it first happened, he might be able to get the information you need." Crowley picked up his phone and started dialing. "Damn it, I'll have to call Mother and get her ready to send him. Do you have some clothes from the 1980s?"

Sam walked out of the hallway in his jeans and a Pac-Man t shirt Dean found at the thrift store in town. "Dean, I can't believe that you had a pair of Converse in your closet." He looked at the white high tops that he was wearing. "I mean these were still in the original box."

Dean was helping Rowena get her ingredients in the bowl. "Yeah, Dad never let me wear them. I bought them with some money I won hustling pool when I was 15. He was so mad that I wasted money I could have spent on ammo on something like those. I refused to get rid of them. Don't get them dirty!"

"Are you ready, Sam?" Rowena smiled at him as he nodded to her. "Ok, Fergus has gotten together a rucksack of things you will need for 1984."

"Moose, you'll be looking for this group of boys." Crowley hands him a photo of four boys dressed up for Halloween in Ghostbusters costumes. "They hang out at the Arcade Palace in Hawkins. The owner there owes me several favors so he'll be introducing you as his nephew who is there for a few days to help him out. Just be their buddy and tell them that you've gotten an internship at Hawkins National Laboratory through the Department of Energy." Crowley stuffed information about Hawkins National Laboratory and some of their doings in the backpack. "Read over some of this to give you some background. That should get you in the door with them. They should give you the information you need."

He looked over at Rowena as she put the backpack on his shoulder. "Now, this spell will make time stand still here, so we won't even know you are gone. When you are ready to come back," she showed him a bottle full of what looked like purple glitter. "Sprinkle this on the ground in a circle, say the spell in the rucksack, and we'll be waiting here for ya." She smiled as she started to chant dropping the last ingredient into the bowl with a flash.

Hawkins, Indiana, 1984

Sam wasn't exactly ready for the landing. When he stood up, he found that Rowena had put him right behind the arcade. The back door opened and this awkward looking boy walked out to throw out

some trash. "Oh dude, Vince will lose his shit if you are back here smoking weed. He caught me back here smoking weed last week and I almost lost my job but I know too much about his other woman so I'm cool."

Sam smiled at him. "Do you know where my Uncle Vince is?"

The boy threw the bag into the dumpster and nodded knowingly. "You must be his nephew Sam. I'm Keith," he stuck out a Cheeto-cheese covered hand for Sam to shake. "I'm his number one employee."

Sam shook his hand and cringed a little on the inside. "Great! Yeah, I just got an internship at Hawkins National Laboratory and Uncle Vince said that I could help him out as trade for me sleeping on his sofa until the DOE sets me up in my own place." He nodded and winked at Keith who just nodded back and giggled a bit.

"He's in his office." Keith motioned for Sam to follow him. The arcade was just what he imagined. Dark, loud, and smelled of teenage boys which he didn't realized smelled like a lot like a locker room and thick Old Spice they probably swiped from their dad's bathroom. Sam scanned the room looking for the group of boys he was supposed to befriend. "Vince," Keith yelled as he opened the door. They walked in on a blonde hurriedly trying to cover herself and Vince adjusting his pants. "Sorry but your nephew just got here."

The blonde ran past the guys as Sam walked into the room. "Thanks, Keith, but I think I need to have a little private conversation with my uncle." Sam closed the door in Keith's face as he turned to look at Vince. "So you owe Crowley, right?"

All of the color and anger that was in Vince's face quickly drained. "Yeah, I do."

Sam flopped down in a chair and started to pull out the paperwork Crowley had put in the backpack he had. "Please tell me that you didn't sell your soul for an arcade and that bimbo I just saw run out of here. I mean," he turned to look at the family picture sitting on Vince's desk. "This family looks like that All-American family, beautiful wife, two good looking kids, a dog, and a rat bastard

husband who likes to stick his penis where it doesn't belong." Vince looked down at his desk in shame. "I was going to help you get out of your obligation with Crowley but I'm not sure now, Vince." Sam smirked knowing he had Vince's attention now and he could get anything he needed. "Can you get me in with these kids quickly so I can fix my problem at home?"

Vince nodded. "Yeah, I can let your cover story slip to Keith. He's trying to get in good with one of those boys." He rolled his eyes as he finished putting himself in his pants and zipping up. "He thinks that he can score a date with the kid's older sister, but I mean he's a 20 year old man who lives in his mom's basement and this is the only job he's ever had and ever WANTS. Who would go out with that?"

Sam just nodded to agree with Vince on that point. "Ok, if you can do that for me, I'll put in a good word with Crowley and I won't slip up and tell your wife about the bimbo." Sam looked at the clock figuring the kids wouldn't get there until after school let out. "Then I'm going to go do a little shopping and find a motel room. I'll be back here at 4." Vince just nodded his head as he picked up some paperwork the bimbo knocked off his desk in her hurry to get out of the office.

Dustin put his bike in the rack. "Look, Lucas, we just let her pick. I'm sure she'll pick me but it has to be her decision, agreed?"

Lucas looked at Dustin as he smiled back at him. "You really think she'll pick you?" Dustin nodded with enthusiasm as Lucas shook his head and Mike grimaced at him.

"Whatever, assholes! Where's Will? I heard they rebooted the Dig Dug machine and I can't wait to get in there and get my high score back."

"You know his mom drops him off now since everything happened. She should be pulling up soon." Mike said as he watched for his best friend. "We need to be glad that it's Friday and Mr. Peabody didn't decide 'tonight is going to be a learning night, boys' and give us a crapton of homework over the weekend." The other two nodded in agreement as Will's mom pulled up in the parking lot.

"Hi, boys!" His mom called out of the window as Will got out of the car. "Now Jonathan is going to pick you up at 8 tonight, Will. Dustin,

if you don't want to ride your bike home after dark, Jonathan can drop you off at your house, ok?"

Dustin gave her a toothy smile. "Thank you, Ms. Byers. I might do that." He continued to smile as she pulled out of the parking lot. "Nope, I'm not getting in the car with your brother, dude."

"Oh, Jonathan's ok. He just looks weird." Will said as they all walked into the arcade. He stopped at the change machine to get some quarters.

Keith walked up to the boys eating his Cheetos. "Hey Mike, when do I get my date with Nancy?"

"Never! Why would you even ask that? I mean this is your career," Mike motioned around the arcade. "You don't OWN it; you just work here. And you're fine with that being the best you're going to do with your life."

Keith looked at him unfazed by what he just said. "Who do you think reset Dig Dug for Dusty here?"

"Fuck you, Keith!" Dustin added to the conversation. "I didn't ask you to reset anything. Old man Vince said it needed to be reset because the Anderson kid pissed on it and hit the motherboard. So move your pimple face out of our way and let me get my high score back." Dustin pushed past Keith letting the other boys in front of him.

"Yeah well, I'm going to be off all weekend." The boys kept walking, trying to ignore Keith who was now trying to impress them. "Yeah, Vince's nephew made it into town. I think he's some sort of super nerd. He got an internship at Hawkins National Laboratory through the Department of Energy." Hearing that bit of information caught the boys' attention. "Yeah, we're new buds and he told me that Vince gave me the weekend off since he's helping out until he finds a place in town of his own."

Lucas took a deep breath to calm his excitement. "Thanks for the rousing conversation, Keith, but we would like to be teenage boys and go play video games without the creepy arcade employee following us around." They picked up the pace towards the Dig Dug

machine. Once there, Dustin put his quarter in and the boys gathered in close to 'watch him play.'

"Do you think we should try to meet this guy and find out what he knows? Maybe he knows where El is or where I can find her?" Mike looked sad just thinking about the friend who saved their lives.

Will looked over his shoulder. "I mean it's worth a shot. Or we might even have to tell him what he is walking into there. He might just think it's a regular job and not Hell on Earth." The boys looked at Will as he mentally went to a place where none of them had been but scared them just as much.

The conversation stopped when Keith walked up to them with a guy none of them had seen before. "I thought I would introduce you boys to my replacement this weekend. This is Sam. Sam, this is Mike Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Dustin Henderson is the one on the game." Dustin tipped his head as he continued to rule the game. "And this is Will Byers, the Zombie Boy of Hawkins."

They heard the game end. "You're a fucking douchebag, Keith, and this is why you'll NEVER get laid by anyone, male or female, asshole." Dustin turned and was in Keith's face before the others could stop him.

Lucas pulled him back and gave Sam a smile. Mike held out his hand to Sam. "Nice to meet you, Sam. Sorry about Dustin. He's normally a teddy bear but he doesn't take well to people insulting his best friends."

Sam smiled back to the boys. "Hey, I understand. My brother has been to Hell and back and if someone called him something like Zombie Boy as a joke, I would be pissed."

"Thank you!" Dustin brushed off Lucas. "I'm glad I'm not the only one who would jump all in someone's face when they are insulting people who couldn't help their situation."

Keith gave them a side look and started to walk off. "Whatever, dudes! I'm clocking out and going home. Tonight there's new movies on Cinemax."

"And that is his big date for tonight," Dustin said as everyone around him laughed, "and for the rest of his life!" He added as Keith shot him the finger as he walked out the door. "Mike, don't ever, and I mean EVER, let that dude near your sister! She might catch dumbassness from him." He shook his head and stuck his hand out towards Sam. "Sorry about that, Sam. I'm the great Dustin Henderson." The other boys moaned as he said this. He smirked at Sam. "They're jealous of just how cool I am."

Will looked at Sam shyly and finally said, "Keith said you have an internship at Hawkins National Laboratory."

Sam smiled reassuringly at him. "Yes, I start there in a few days. I actually have no idea what I'm walking into but I hope that I can just walk in and learn how to create reusable, clean energy and I can take that information back to Stanford. My class is hoping to use the information they are gathering here and use it to get the whole country on a non-fossil fuel grid by the year 2000." He's so thankful that he took the time to read the paperwork Crowley packed for him and then he just added some hippie thoughts that some of Jess's friends were working on when he was in college. He watched as the boys looked at each other worried and he knew he almost had them. "Do you know something that I don't?"

Will started to nod as the others looked at him shocked. "Will, we don't know him," Mike whispered to him. "Do you think we should say anything to him?"

"Mike, I can't let someone just walk into that place blindly especially if he thinks he is going in there to make this place we live a better place." Will whispered back as he shook his head trying to hide the tears that were starting to form.

"Sam," Lucas started. "It's great to meet you really, but if you wouldn't mind letting us get back to playing our games and discussing things, we'll be around tomorrow and maybe we can hang out with you at lunch. Is that good with you?"

"Sure, guys! I didn't mean to freak anyone out. That's so uncool of me." Sam started to rattle the change apron hanging around his waist. "Yeah, let me get back to work and I'll catch up with you tomorrow."

And there is no way for me to contact anyone at home...and there is no internet so I can't even record my findings that way. You never realize what you have until it's gone. I have to go John Winchester-style and keep a journal. He laughed to himself as he started to figure out what format he wanted to write his notes. Sam had the TV on for noise as he wrote everything he found out from the locals today. He had stopped by Radio Shack after his shift at the arcade to buy a cassette recorder for his meeting with the boys tomorrow. He remembered having one back in college but even then his was digital. This one had actual cassette tapes! He knew that the bunker had a way to transfer them over to digital files but he was still shocked at how little the cassettes held.

The waitress at the diner who just happened to be the blonde that Sam saw running out of Vince's office was just a fountain of information after Sam promised he wouldn't spill the beans to Vince's wife. Last year, Will Byers went missing but she said no one really cared about finding him except his mom and his friends. She said the rest of the town just was like "whatever." Then the crops started dying outside of town but what was freaky for her was the stories of this faceless monster that was stealing teenagers. She said they found Will's body out at the quarry and had a funeral for him but he showed back up alive. He wrote in his notebook on the margin... **'Could be why Keith called Will ZOMBIE BOY?'** to discuss it with Dean and Crowley when he got back home. *No wonder Dustin got so mad.* Sam stood up when he heard a knock on the door of his room. He picked up his beer, shook his head, "Keith is a douchebag!" He opened the door to see the sheriff standing in the doorway. "Can I help you, Sheriff? I know I wasn't being too loud. I mean this baseball game is a snoozefest at best."

"Can I come in?" Sam stepped back and motioned for the cop to sit on the sofa inside. "Sorry about tracking you down but I have a bit of a nervous mom who was once overprotective of her son and is now uberprotective of him." He sat down and shook his head. "Anyway someone saw you talking to him at the arcade and it got back to her." He tossed his hat to the side and pulled out his cigarettes. He started to light one up as Sam got him the ashtray. Sam closed his journal on the sly placing his take out box on top of it. He took the first drag off his cigarette which seemed to relax him a bit. "I'm Jim Hopper but

everyone here calls me Hopper. Joyce Byers is just a little jumpy since Will came back after everything last year."

Sam pulled up a seat from the table. "Yeah the boys were a little jumpy when I mentioned my internship so I backed off. I thought I spooked them, but they had just had it out with that guy Keith that works at the arcade. He called Will 'Zombie Boy' and the others didn't take that well." Sam took another drink from his beer and looked over his shoulder at the game playing on TV.

"You like baseball?" Hopper asked.

"It is what it is. Just usually I always seem to have someone else in the room with me either talking or watching TV, so I needed a little noise to make it feel like home."

Hopper leaned forward. "Yeah about that. Rumor is that you're Vince's nephew, and you're supposed to be sleeping on his sofa for a couple of days." Hopper crushed his cigarette looking at Sam. "So why are you spending money for a rat trap like this when you could be staying at Vince's, eating a hot dinner that Fiona cooked and watching cable?"

Sam needed to calm his mind and collect his thoughts for a moment. He took another drink of the beer, got up to get another one out of the cooler. "You want me to be honest with you?" Hopper nodded. "Today, I got to the arcade and found Vince half naked with the blonde waitress from the diner. He told me not to tell Fi but come on, REALLY?! I couldn't stay there, eat her food and let her be all nice to me while I lie to her face." He brought Hopper a beer and sat back down. Sam smirked at him and leaned in. "I decided it was best for me to just get a cheap room and not deal with having to lie because I'm bad at it." He shook his head. "I actually told her that I was having my girlfriend fly in and I needed some private time. I think before I leave I might just drop the dime on him."

Sam relaxed as soon as Hopper took the beer and started to laugh. "If you don't, I will. Fiona is a good woman who doesn't need a bastard like Vince."

Sam smiled into his beer bottle. "Just give me advance notice of when

you are going to drop that bomb, and I'll be on the first thing flying to Stanford. I don't need that kind of drama."

Hopper finished his beer and got up. "Really sorry to have interrupted this stirring game, but I can now go tell her that everything is cool." He asked as he was picking up his hat. "So where is your internship?"

Nonchalantly, Sam said, "Oh, Hawkins National Laboratory. Couple other people in my class got internships at other energy plants and laboratories in other areas of the country through the DOE also. We'll compile the data we collect and try to get the country off of fossil fuels." He watched Hopper turn to look at him shocked. "You know California...just a bunch of hippies as my brother would say." Sam shrugged his shoulders. Sam put a worried look on his face. "You know that's the same look the boys gave me this afternoon when Keith told them about where I was going to start Monday. Do you know something I should about this place? Should I run screaming back to California?" Sam nervously laughed trying to play off any worry he was faking.

Hopper just put his hat on and smiled. "Everything is going to be just fine." He turned and slowly walked to the door. "Good night, Sam. Enjoy your lunch tomorrow."

Sam locked the door behind him and took a deep breath. *I would give anything to talk to Dean or Cas or Hell even Crowley right now. I REALLY need to talk to someone who knows what I'm was looking for.* He sat back down at his journal and started writing about the encounter with Hopper. *Ok, John Winchester, let's get everything we need down. We're Men of Letters. Our job is to collect and preserve this information for the future.* He laughed to himself as he wrote and made side notes and doodles in the margins so that he could tell Dean about everything.

"First of all, WHY did I have to pick up all of your friends to bring them to the arcade?" Steve looked at Dustin in the passenger's seat. "I mean you could have ridden your bike here. What if I would have had plans today?"

"Do you have plans today?"

"No, but that's not the point, Henderson! Second, WHY do I need to go to lunch with you fools?"

Will looked over the back seat. "Because we need to save someone." Steve rolled his head back before looking at Will in his eyes. "I can't let someone else walk into that building blindly. This dude seems to be a good guy. He wants to change the world. I can't let him walk in there and either get brainwashed or die."

Steve pulled into the parking lot of the arcade. "Fine but I'm not paying for your lunches. You better all have money for pizza." He looked in the rearview mirror at the boys he had grown to care about in the last couple of months. "I'll spring for ice cream afterwards." He smiled as they started to get out of the car. "How are we going to do this? Just be like 'oh yeah so last year we got attacked by a D&D demogorgon that our friend evaporated with her hand or mind or whatever she does, and now we are dealing with a pack of crossbred demon dogs' or we going to lead into that information?"

The boys just stared at him with contempt on their faces. Mike spoke up, "Yeah, something like that." He rolled his eyes as he turned around and walked into the arcade.

Saturday morning at the arcade was a pretty crazy place to be but it looked like Vince had everyone working except Keith. Dustin pointed towards the tall guy with the long, natural locks. "That's Sam."

"Of course, that's Sam. Of course, the guy from the college in California has hair that looks like it just naturally falls like that. If he's in this town for longer than a week, I'll never get another date with any girl here!" Steve said as he started walking towards Sam with the boys.

He put on a big smile as Sam turned towards them. "Cool, you made it." He held out his hand to Steve. Sam took his change apron off and handed it to Cindy. She smiled dreamily at Sam who winked at her. "If Uncle Vince looks for me, just tell him that I stepped out for a minute." He leaned kissing her cheek. "I'll see you after work, Cin." She giggled as she walked off to help someone at the Pac-Man machine. "Ok, so pizza next door ok with everyone?" The boys nodded.

Steve hung back a little as they walked pondering this college guy who got a date with Cindy after being here less than 24 hours. When they walked into the pizza place, he pulled Will and Dustin back. "Do you boys need money to pay for lunch?" He whispered. Dustin shook his head while Will just looked at the floor. Steve looked around and took \$5 out of his pocket and slipped Will the cash. Mike and Lucas got the big table in the corner after ordering their slices. "Henderson, you ordered two large slices? Did you forget to eat breakfast?" Steve asked as they sat down.

Sam laughed as Dustin gave Steve a nasty look. "You two remind me of my brother and I when we were younger. He was always looking out for me, trying to make sure I was going to be a better person that he was going to be. Just by looking at your older brother, Dustin, he's trying to make sure you turn out to be amazing person."

The tension at the table broke as all the boys started laughing. Steve just sat there for a minute before he said, "I'm not his brother, but I can see where an outsider might think that." He took a drink from his soda. "No, I'm Steve." He thought about what he was going to say next. "I was/am dating Mike's older sister and I keep an eye on Dustin because you know he likes to take in wild strays that aren't just dogs."

Sam saw his way into some information. He took a bite of his pizza and took the chance to ask. "What do you mean 'aren't just dogs'? Did he bring home a wolf or some random alpaca?"

He watched as Steve relaxed a bit. "No, he brought home what he thought was a slug I guess, but it ate his cat."

Sam stopped for a minute looking Steve in the eye. "Ok, I think I need a little more information than just 'it ate his cat.'"

For the next hour the boys just unloaded all the information they had on how Will was taken to the Upside Down, how they found El wondering the woods around the laboratory, how the demogorgon took Nancy's friend Barb, how the government tried to capture them, how El killed most of the government agents, the demogorgon, and possibly killing herself since they haven't seen her since then. Sam had his recorder in his pocket getting the whole story. He flipped the microcassette slyly in his pocket to start recording his questions. "Ok,

so let me get this straight. You haven't seen this El since what happened at the school?" The boys nodded. "How did she kill this demogorgon?"

Mike took the last sip of his drink. "El had special powers. She could move things with her mind but there was more she could do. She was working on learning how to use her powers and control them better. She killed all of the government men with her thoughts ... you know like with the Force from Star Wars." Sam nodded. "She used her powers in the classroom and it exploded."

Sam tried to grasp what Mike was telling him. "Alright and Will came back but what about Barb?"

Steve grabbed two of the cups on the table. "You know what Sam I think we need to get the boys some more drinks. What do you think?" Sam took the hint and grabbed the other two cups. When they were out of the boys' earshot, Steve whispered, "Barb didn't make it. We think when the demogorgon got her to the Upside Down, it ... I don't know ate her, consumed her energy, killed her." He shook his head like he was trying to get the thought out of his head. "Nancy wants the government to take responsibility from her best friend's death, but I know that it's not going to happen. I'm scared that if she keeps pushing the subject that I might lose her to Area 51 or something like that."

"I understand that," Sam said as he ordered dessert for the boys. "And don't tell me Dustin brought home one of these demogorgon-type monsters as a pet?"

"Yes, to impress a girl!" Steve rolled his eyes as Sam laughed. "These kids don't even know."

"Do you know how to kill the other type of monster?" Steve shook his head as he grabbed the tray of drinks. "Let me give you some advice. Try silver bullets or silver buckshot."

"How would you know..."

"Let's just say that I did go to Stanford but I don't have an internship. I needed information to battle some of these creatures like you and

the boys have already battled. Don't tell the boys anything, but I'll be leaving here Monday to go home and try to save my friends for this monster. Just tell them that you hear that I went into the building Monday morning. I'll get Vince to tell Keith that I haven't come out since." Sam picked up the dessert pizza he bought for the table.

Steve took a moment to process what Sam just said. "You know what after this last year. I'm going to say alright." He turned to start walking back to the boys. "Now tell me where I can find silver bullets or buckshot."

"I can give you a name and a number when the boys are back at the arcade. Just tell them that you're a friend of Samuel Campbell. They can get you some. Don't tell them about the demogorgon. Tell them you are hunting werewolves." Steve looked at him wide-eyed. "Seriously, just say werewolves. I mean you are going to look at me like I'm crazy when you just fought a demogorgon with a baseball bat?"

"Touche." Steve just shrugged as they got back to the boys.

Sam was gathering up everything he had purchased in his backpack getting ready to go back to the bunker and people who didn't wear acid wash jeans. He heard a knock on the door. "Hold on," he yelled as he finished packing up his bag. When he opened the door, he found Hopper standing there with a little girl. Sam smiled, hit the record button on his recorder in his pocket and said, "Nice to meet you, El?" She looked up at him and smiled at him. "Come in. I talked to your friends today. They miss you and are worried about you."

"I can't go see them yet Hopper says but I miss them too." She sat down on the sofa as Sam got Hopper the ashtray. "Hopper said you were going to talk to them today and I thought you needed to hear what I did to kill the demogorgon."

Sam sat across from her. "How do you know that's what I want to know?" She tapped her head and grinned at him. "Can you read my mind now?" Sam gave her a little worried smile as she smiled back and shook her head.

"No, but I did a little mind walking last night and found out where

you are from and what you needed. You will not be able to defeat the demogorgon on your own but if you have someone like me or a couple of people who are like me, they can defeat it for you. I absorbed the monster's energy." Both men watched as she focused on what happened that night. "I couldn't let him hurt my friends. I thought if I tried to TAKE his energy instead of trying to FORCE my energy at him, maybe I could defeat him and save my friends, the people who have become my true family."

Sam smiled as he touched her hand softly. "That's what I'm trying to do too. This information that you are giving me now is going to be helpful in doing that. If I can ask, what happened to you when you absorbed the monster's energy? The boys hinted that you were killed."

"No, I wasn't killed but for a moment it was like I became one with the monster. I was in a state of inbetween planes I guess. I think if I would have told the guys what I was planning on doing that they could have brought me back sooner but I didn't. So I was away what felt like a few minutes to me but I think it was more like a full day, but if you have more than one person doing this, they can either keep each other grounded or be able to get the stronger person back here sooner." She smiled as she stood up. "Well, it's getting late and you need to get home now." She looked at Hopper as he started to stand up as well. "And you promised that we could pick up ice cream for dinner."

Hopper looked at her like she had lost her mind. "No, I said after we HAD dinner, we could have the ice cream that I have ALREADY picked up. It's already in the freezer at home." She giggled as she did a little dance.

Sam laughed as he looked back at Hopper. "Now that looks like a dance she learned from you, sir." Hopper bowed to Sam who just howled with laughter. "Take care of each other," he said as he shook Hopper's hand and gave El a big hug. He watched as they pulled out of the parking lot waving to El. He locked the door grabbing Rowena's purple sparkles. "This better work, Rowena." He poured the powder around where he was standing. He grabbed his backpack off the bed looking around the room one last time to make sure he hadn't left anything to say he was ever in the room. The spell was tied

around the now empty tube. He opened it and started the chant she had written for him. *Ad ventos saeculi circumquaque mihi alas cito via mea non est hodie cras ruunt in me in iter progressus fiat.*

He smelled the bunker before he opened his eyes. "Mother, are you sure this will work?" He grinned as he heard Crowley.

"Yes, she's sure and that sleaze Vince really needs to be tortured his entire afterlife." Sam walked over to the table and started emptying out his backpack. "I forgot that in the year that I was born, the internet was NOT a thing yet, nor were laptops or tablets or even cellphones. So I did what John Winchester would do and I journaled the hell out of everything I heard while I was there. I also bought one of these." He held up cassette recorder. "This came in so helpful when I was talking to the kids because those boys would start talking all at once. This should help me transcribe the information for the files here."

"What did you find out?" Dean asked as he looked at all of the things that Sam got packed into his backpack.

"The group of kids who originally battled this monster didn't defeat him. Their little friend who is telekinetic and maybe psychic actually pulled the energy or life force out of the monster making it explode. She said that if we had someone like her or maybe a group of people who had these types of powers who would be willing to combine their powers, we could get rid of it."

They all turned to look at Rowena. "Why are you looking at me? I was only called to help wee little Sam to get somewhere. I wasn't called in to defeat a monster."

Crowley just shrugged. "That's fine. I have a few other people in mind who would help us that are more powerful than Mother." He smirked at Sam as Sam watched Rowena get offended over Crowley's shoulder.

"You can bite your tongue, Fergus. Tell me where to be and what I need to do. I'll be there! Right now I need a place to lay down." She stomped off towards the other rooms in the bunker.

Crowley smiled as Castiel walked down the stairs. "Crowley, I did what you asked of me. People in that town still mostly left their doors unlocked and didn't question anything."

Sam looked at them both. "What did you do, Cas?"

"Crowley had me wipe everyone's mind who spoke to you or saw you in town in the last three days. He said if we changed the past, the future would be messed up more than it is now." Cas walked over and sat down. "I did leave the sheriff with the knowledge about the arcade owner and his mistress. He plans on telling the wife about it this morning at the city council coffee. I changed out the bullets in all of the guns the kids have access to from lead to silver so that teenager with the good hair doesn't have to make the call to your cousins and I did leave the little girl with the passing knowledge that her friends miss and love her."

Sam was angry but at least Cas left the knowledge he truly wanted them to have while just taking him out of their minds. "Ok I'm not 100% happy about that but I'll let it go because we have to deal with the demogorgon we have running around before he starts taking kids to drain them." Dean nodded as Crowley sat down at the table. "So get this..."